

Laundry, Nigeria coffee, soccer and a giant pile of cassava

by Kimiko Karpoff on Tuesday, January 25, 2011 at 7:59pm

This is part 5 of a one-year look back at my time in Ghana.

January 24, 2010

Today I washed my laundry (with only some help) in a large basin. By hand. The trick here is to use a LOT of soap. And short on the rinse cycle. People's clothing here looks very clean. And they iron with an "old fashioned" cast-iron iron filled with coals from the fire.



Charity washing laundry. No photos of me.



Drying laundry.

One caution. If you're offered coffee, don't get too excited. Nigeria coffee here is made with gari, or roasted cassava. It's a bit more like, well, hmmm, a cross between... actually it's like nothing familiar and isn't even fully a beverage. It's a good afternoon snack though.

Finn, today I watched Ghana Black Stars play in the quarter finals. It was an English language broadcast. I watched on a 20-inch TV in a grass hut with all of the village football fans. As you probably know, Ghana beat Angola 1 - 0.



Football match.



Ghana scores

I also went to church in a (different) grass structure. It (the service) was short so the people could attend the community meeting. The last before the WATERproject manager from Tamale left. I followed the readings in my Bible. The preacher gave his brief messages in English. I'm not sure if that's typical or if it was for my benefit.



Little grass church in the village.

Today I cooked the breakfast *acacha* or *coco*, which is porridge-like although all of the graininess is strained out leaving just the starch. I also helped a short bit roasting the *gari* which is done in huge iron bowls over open fire. The women sit for literally hours, i.e. all day, doing this.



Venyne and Sikayo roasting *gari*.

Now that my camera is revealed I have also become photo lady with requests for photos. I was asked to come to the truck load size pile today to take pictures, then everyone crowds around to look.



Peeling the big pile.



I am suddenly aware that I am surrounded by children watching me write in this journal.



Here they literally work from dawn to dark. Thinking about being constantly active, one task to the next, yet without that feeling of "busyness." No sense of rush.

The family has been so good to me, making a variety of foods. This evening along with the usual, they made rice (and sauce of course) plus a dish made with potatoes and palm nuts. I like the Ghana rice.

Today I cooked, peeled, roasted, peeled, cobbled maize, peeled, sifted, sieved and in between attended church, the community meeting and soccer match. Bathroom and bed.